

The contention of the two famous Houses,

And then it liu'd in sweete Elyziam,
By thee to die, were but to dye in ieast,
From thee to dye, were torment more then death,
Oh, let me stay, befall what may befall.

Queene Oh mightst thou stay with safety of thy life,
Then shouldst thou stay, but heauens deny it,
And therefore go, but hope ere long to be repeald.

Suff. I goe.

Queene. And take my heart with thee.

She kisseth him.

Suff. A iewell lockt into the wofulst caske,
That euer yet containd a thing of worth,
Thus like a splitted Barke, so sunder we,
This way fall I to death.

Exit Suffolke.

Queene. This way for me.

Exit Queene.

*Enter King and Salisbury, and then the Curtaines be drawne, and the
Cardinall is discovered in his bed, raring and staring as if he were
mad.*

Car. Oh death, if thou wilt let me liue but one whole yeare,
I'll giue thee as much gold as will purchase such another Island.

King. Oh, see my Lord of Salisbury how he is troubled,
Lord Cardinall, remember Christ must saue thy soule.

Car. Why died he not in his bed?

What would you haue me to do then?

Can I make men liue whether they will or no?

Sirra, go fetch me the poyson which the Pothicary sent me.

Oh, see where Duke *Humfries* ghost doth stand,

And stares me in the face. Looke, looke, coame downe his haire,

So now hee's gone againe: Oh, oh, oh.

Sal. See how the pangs of death doth gripe his heart.

King. Lord Cardinall, if thou diest assured of heavenly blisse,
Hold vp thy hand and make some signe to vs.

Car. dies.

Oh see he dyes, and makes no signe at all,

Oh God forgiue his soule.

Sal. So bad an end did neuer none behold,
But as his death, so was his life in all.

King

Torke and Lancaster.

King. Forbeare to iudge, good Salisbury forbeare,
For God will iudge vs all.
Go take him hence, and see his funerals perform'd.

Exit on

*Alarmer within, and the Chambers bee discharged, like a
fight at sea. And then enter the Captaine of the ship, and
ster, and the Masters mate, and the Duke of Suffolke di
others with him, & Water Whickmore.*

Cap. Bring forward these prisoners that scorn'd to y
Vnlade their goods with speed, and sincke their ship,
Here Master, this prisoner I giue to you.
This other, the Masters mate shall haue,
And *Water Whickmore* thou shalt haue this man,
And let them pay their ransome ere they passe.

Suffolke. Water!

He starteth

Water. How now, what dost feare me?

Thou shalt haue better cause anon.

Suff. It is thy name affrights me, not thy selfe.
I do remember well, a cunning wizzard told me,
That by Water I should dye:
Yet let not that make thee bloody minded,
Thy name being rightly sounded,

Is *Gualter*, not *Water*.

Walter. *Gualter* or *Water*, al's one to me,
I am the man must bring thee to thy death.

Suff. I am a Gentleman, looke on my Ring,
Ransome me at what thou wilt, it shall be paid.

Walter. I lost mine eye in boording of the ship,
And therefore ere I Merchant-like sell blood for gold
Then cast me headlong downe into the sea.

2. Prison. But what shall our ransomes be?

Mai. A hundred pounds a peece, eyther pay that or

2. Prison. Then saue our liues, it shall be paid.

Walter. Come sirra, thy life shall be the ransome I w

Suff. Stay villaine, thy prisoner is a Prince,

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